

DEFENDERS NEW TOPMAST.

Her Splintered Spar Replaced
by an Old One Made
for Colonia.

DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR.

The Big Racing Stick Was Cracked
and Splintered, and It Is a Won-
der It Remained in Place.

BOTH YACHTS GO IN DRY DOCK.

Valkyrie's Bottom Being Painted and
the Bronze Boat's Cleaned—Both
Will Be Ready To-Morrow.

The crowds that went down to Bay
Ridge this morning to see another
slew at Valkyrie and Defender were
disappointed.

Defender and Valkyrie were towed up
the bay at 5.30 this morning and soon
after were floated into the south dock
and the water was pumped out.

Defender's splintered topmast had
been sent to the dock last night, and as
she entered the Basin her top rigging
was hanging down the main mast.

The old topmast was put ashore and
one of the Colonia's spare topmasts
was put alongside of it and some of the
shipyard's carpenters got to work under
the direction of Nat Herreshoff, and
trimmed it to fit Defender's mast.

Colonia's spar is, of course, over two
years old. It is a very steady-looking
affair beside Defender's new stick, but
has the advantage of being dry and is
therefore much lighter than a new spar
of the same size would be. Further-
more, it is a smaller spar. It has been
tried in races and has stood the test.

Defender has another topmast at City
Island, but Mr. Iselin, after consulting
with Capt. Haff and Mr. Herreshoff,
decided to use Colonia's spar, which
was placed at their disposal.

Capt. Haff looked at the spar criti-
cally and finally vouchsafed the opinion
that, although a light spar, it was as
strong as the topmast which is at City
Island, and could be depended upon in
any weather, in his judgment.

Defender's injured topmast showed
that it had been splintered about six
feet above the mainmast head. The
break in the mast is about six inches
wide, a half inch deep and extends
two or three feet up the mast. It is
a wonder it did not break off short.

The spar can never be used again.
The yachts will be floated out into the
open water during the afternoon, and
then the new topmast will be put in
place.

While the water was being pumped
out of the dock, gangs of workmen
thoroughly cleaned the hulls of the two
yachts.

The Valkyrie people gave their yacht
a fresh coat of that mysterious black
paint they think so highly of.

Defender's hull was simply gone over
with brushes, but the water line was re-
painted with Mitchell's blue composition.

Drawings were stretched above Val-
kyrie's hull on the sunny side, in order
that the black paint would not dry too
quickly and crack.

Defender's hull finished off their
work on her hull with a complete
burnishing, making her bronze plates
glisten like a mirror.

The British yacht was treated to a
new white coat on her topsides.

Both will leave the dock early this
evening. No information was to be
secured as to whether either would be
at Bay Ridge until morning or spend
the night at the Horsehoe.

Both boats will be ready to race to-
morrow on schedule time. The basin
was crowded all day with curious peo-
ple.

It was learned to-day that Defender
has forty-seven sails, which cost alto-
gether \$2,000.

Designer, Watson was around Erie
Basin all day, and there is a strong likeli-
hood that he will be at Valkyrie's
hull and make a critical examination of it.

JAMES ASHBURY DEAD.

He Raced the Schooners Cambria
and Livonia for America Cup.

LONDON, Sept. 11.—James Ashbury,
who took the yachts Cambria and Li-
vonia to America in 1859 and 1871 re-
spectively to compete for the America
Cup, is dead.

WATERMELON STORIES.

They are Biting Fish Yarns Out of
Sight and the End Is Not Yet.

(From the Italian.)
The fish story Ananias is not sustain-
ing his reputation this summer, and the
watermelon Ananias is rapidly pushing
him from his well-earned and long-held
position. Accounts of incredible melons
rushed in from the South.

While the season has brought forth a
solitary story of a wonderful water-
melon, and that ten-pound brot trout has
not as much as shown his nose up to
date.

A gentleman by the name of F. M. Caf-
fey, of Hayneville, Lowndes County,
Ala., has come to the front as the hero
of the champion melon novelties. It is
stated that he pulled a watermelon
from his patch during the season of the
Baptist Association at Hayneville which
weighed fourteen and three-quarter
pounds, and was a perfect melon sky
high in point of darning invention.

The only full accounts of the base-
ball game are given in "THE EVEN-
ING WORLD'S" NIGHT EXTRA, in-
sued immediately after the last
play has been made.

COCK-EE-DOODLE-DOO!



Hear This Rooster Crowing This Morning Because He Thinks He Got the Most Worms
Last Night.

SLEEPING IN COFFINS.

Religious Community in Montreal,
Canada, Who Renounce the World.

(From Pearson's Weekly.)
The strangest religious community in
the world is one founded in Montreal
by a certain Dr. Jacques, a graduate of
the Victoria School of Medicine, who,
during the year in which smallpox
raged in Montreal, visited no fewer
than 1,200 patients and did much good
work in the city.

Among these patients was a family
from St. Florence named Aubin, and
the father and mother, with five daugh-
ters, now live under the doctor's roof.
The parents, who do not belong to the
community, proper five like ordinary
mortals, but the five children lead a
life almost as severe as the terribly
austere regime of the Carmelite nuns.

They are robed in red material, with a
white head-dress falling down over their
shoulders. These girls have no educa-
tion whatever, yet their medical pre-
scriptions are of the most accurate in
things pertaining to the celestial sphere.

By the side of a nicely decorated altar
stands a row of five coffins, and upon
the latter hangs an ox chain ten
feet long. When Montreal is given
to convalesce, the five sisters devote
themselves most intently to penitence
and prayer. This heavy chain is hung
around each of the five girls' waists.

At a time, while they kneel in prayer
for their sisters of the world, whom
they have thrown in temptation's way.
Each bed is a large deep coffin, painted
black, and covered over with gray cot-
ton. The pillow is made of soft wool
and not a single article of clothing is
allowed.

The second floor being divided into a
half dozen small, cheerful rooms or
cells. The furniture in each of these
sleeping apartments consists of a black
coffin, a table and a tin wash-basin, the
same absence of clothing being quite as
marked as on the floor below.

Dr. Jacques himself occupies a room
on the ground floor, and sleeps in a
large, bare coffin throughout the Sum-
mer and Winter.

The only recognition of this famous
community by the Archbishop of Mon-
treal is that the five girls are to be
clerked in spiritual director of the
five sisters in question, of whom three
go to communion every morning and
two three times a week.

A BELLIGERENT ROOSTER.

He Guards a Farmer's House Dur-
ing the Absence of the Family.

(From the Portland Press.)
One of the agents of the American
Lible Society recently related the fol-
lowing extraordinary incident of his trip
through Portland County, which he had
just returned. There is a small
village, somewhat remote from the main
routes of travel, and which is known in
the vicinity as the "Black King."

The bible agent visited the neighbor-
hood and walked up into the dooryard
of the first house he reached, and
found no one at home, but before he had
time to knock at the door he was sud-
denly seized by a rooster, which he
gripped by the neck, and held him fast.

This time a well-dressed man came
out, and explained that the rooster was
gathered together for another
fight, and that the house agent was
that was leaning against the house and
faked it on high. This same agent
recounted that the rooster, which he
had been with him, was very fierce, and
fought with a black dog, which he
killed.

At this the man almost rolled on the
ground with laughter, one of them
came up and explained that the boy had
to plough the horse old rooster that
had been with him, and was very fierce,
and that ten-pound brot trout has
not as much as shown his nose up to
date.

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DISGUST IN ENGLAND.

They Don't Care to Win on a
Mere Technicality.

No Chance to Wrest the America
Cup from Defender.

Don't Want Dunraven to Get the
Trophy by a Mishap.

LONDON, Sept. 11.—With one excep-
tion the London evening press to-day
expresses a generous and sportsmanlike
spirit in commenting upon the outcome
of the second race of the series between
Valkyrie III. and Defender for the
America Cup, and all express the
wish that the race be not given to
Valkyrie III. on a mere technicality or
as the result of an accident.

The same spirit characterizes the talk
among yachtsmen. Fear is expressed
that the excellent showing made by
Defender in her crippled condition has
practically settled the contest against
the British yacht.

Much talk is heard of new yachts to
be built to meet Defender if the Ameri-
can syndicate's boat should come over
here and to challenge for the Ameri-
can Cup. In addition to the cutter
which is to be built for the Prince of
Wales, it is reported that Lord Rose-
bery is likely to build a yacht, and a
rich Scotch syndicate is also to enter the
lists.

The Sun this evening says:
"There is so very little true sports-
manlike feeling in America that yach-
ting, a cheering of the winner is
charming."

The Evening News says:
"Englishmen cannot stomach victory
tainted with unfair conditions, and
would rather see Valkyrie return home
without a single race than flying a flag
underly 'dishonor.'"

The Star says:
"Neither Lord Dunraven nor any
other Englishman would wish to re-
ceive an advantage by a mishap. From
yesterday's race it seems clear that we
cannot gain the cup this year."

The Pall Mall Gazette this afternoon
says:
"If Defender was put at a disadvan-
tage by the accident we shall find little
satisfaction in the decision favors Val-
kyrie."

It is a good thing that the race was
not held here, as it might be difficult
to persuade Americans that it was a
mere accident."

The Chronicle says of the race:
"We cannot consider it a clear win,
and it will always be open to the
Americans to say that it was not a
fair win, and we are sure that Lord
Dunraven would rather sail off over-
again than to have that believed by
the Western world. Line for line, de-
serving the cup, and the Englishman
will not desire what is quite certain
no other woman in the State,
and probably no other woman in the
world, has more chance even to at-
tempt."

This woman is employed in a large
establishment on Third street, and her
name must be kept secret to prevent
the place being overrun by people who
want to see the woman who has been
so successful. A day or two ago a
rat strayed into the room and could
not find its way out, and finally, when
it was caught, it was found to be a
female rat, and was kept in the room
for a day or two.

There are quite a number of other
women employed in the same room,
and as several men, a day or two ago
a rat strayed into the room and could
not find its way out, and finally, when
it was caught, it was found to be a
female rat, and was kept in the room
for a day or two.

There was one exception, the brave
woman who has immortalized herself.
She stood her ground, and finally, when
the rat had been poked from behind
a card and was dashed across the
floor almost as fast as a bullet, she
reached down and let her skirt "catch
the rat," and captured the rat, and when
it was caught, it was found to be a
female rat, and was kept in the room
for a day or two.

This is a fact, and if any person in
any country can produce a similar case
of bravery and heroism, and as it was
the part of a woman he can take the
buckery.

Miss Weston's Services were rendered
to the cause of the poor, and she was
found to be a female rat, and was kept
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WANTED TO KNOW.

Obtained the Information Through
a Cyclone-Tempered Fat Man.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)
There had been an accident down the
road, making the expected train three
hours late, and of course all the wait-
ing passengers were mad—but a
little old man who sat on a seat barred
on the long depot platform and figured
away with a pencil on a piece of brown
paper. By and by he rose up and went
over to a fat man who was leaning
against a hoghead of sugar and said:
"I want to ask you a question or two.
You know that the sun is, of course,
We all know that, but I'm a little
mixed. Does the earth revolve around
the sun, or is it just the other way?"
"I don't know and I don't care a con-
tingent," exclaimed the fat man in
reply.

"You don't? Well, that's kinder
singular. You know the distance to the
sun, don't you?"
"No, I don't. You know whether I do
or not?"
"Shoot! What's the use of gittin' mad
about nothing? You are as techy as a
hired man before breakfast on a Jan-
uary morning. If you asked me how
far it was to the sun, I'd bin only too
glad to tell you that it was over
90,000,000 miles, though it don't look to be
over 90,000."

"I don't want any talk with you," the
fat man growled as he waved him off.
"You don't? Seems to me you are ready
to bite over like hot soap," if you don't
want to hear the truth, I'll let you off with
a slap, but I should think you'd be glad of an
opportunity to store your mind with
worthwhile knowledge. I should think
this air was once a liquid mass, don't you?"
"No, I tell you to go away!" shout-
ed the fat man as he grew red in the
face and flourished his arms around.

"Wait! I want to ask you a question or
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about nothing? You are as techy as a
hired man before breakfast on a Jan-
uary morning. If you asked me how
far it was to the sun, I'd bin only too
glad to tell you that it was over
90,000,000 miles, though it don't look to be
over 90,000."

"I don't want any talk with you," the
fat man growled as he waved him off.
"You don't? Seems to me you are ready
to bite over like hot soap," if you don't
want to hear the truth, I'll let you off with
a slap, but I should think you'd be glad of an
opportunity to store your mind with
worthwhile knowledge. I should think
this air was once a liquid mass, don't you?"
"No, I tell you to go away!" shout-
ed the fat man as he grew red in the
face and flourished his arms around.

"Wait! I want to ask you a question or
two. You know that the sun is, of course,
We all know that, but I'm a little
mixed. Does the earth revolve around
the sun, or is it just the other way?"
"I don't know and I don't care a con-
tingent," exclaimed the fat man in
reply.

"You don't? Well, that's kinder
singular. You know the distance to the
sun, don't you?"
"No, I don't. You know whether I do
or not?"
"Shoot! What's the use of gittin' mad
about nothing? You are as techy as a
hired man before breakfast on a Jan-
uary morning. If you asked me how